

THE NUR AF SHAN

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No. 45

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, October 30.

A telegram from St. Petersburg states that advices from Tashkent announce that simultaneously with the earthquake mentioned on the 21st October a mountain side overwhelmed the Bokharan town of Karatagh, burying almost the whole population of 15,000.

It is stated at Washington that seventy million dollars has already been deposited with the National banks, exceeding the records of previous financial crises.

Lord Milner was the principal speaker at a Unionist banquet at Guildford last evening.

He exhorted the Unionists to develop a constructive policy of practical social reform as a real antidote to revolutionary Socialism.

Mr. Haldane, speaking at Newcastle, emphasized the necessity of attending to the national defences as The Hague Conference showed that harmony amongst the nations had not been achieved.

Mr. Haldane also dwelt on the impracticableness of Socialism.

Mr. Haldane further said that it was the Government's resolution to make the House of Lords conform to the will of the nation.

Mr. Asquith, speaking at Tayport, dealt exclusively with the reform of the House of Lords.

London, October 31.

The *Nova Vremya*, discussing the appointment of a commission to study Mr. Lessar's project for a railway to India, bringing London within 7½ days of Karachi, points out the political and economic importance of the project to Britain and Russia in the event of the completion of the German Bagdad Railway which vitally menaces British interests.

A telegram from Vladivostok states that the destroyer *Skory* mutinied and bombarded the town.

A gunboat, three destroyers and the batteries return the fire.

The ringleaders were killed and the *Skory* was riddled and was driven ashore to prevent sinking. The survivors have been arrested.

Owing to the unsatisfactory crops in India and America prices in Russia are approaching the level of the great famine of 1891.

It is announced that Knickerbockers are solvent.

Mr. Asquith, speaking at Leven, said that India had been passing through a time of much anxiety, but was there a man in this country who had not felt with thankfulness that the conduct of India affairs under Mr. Morley had been in wise, courageous and sympathetic hands.

Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at Rhyl, said that it was the Government's intention to introduce Welsh Dis-establishment in 1909.

Mr. Haldane, also speaking at Rhyl, said that the Government had decided definitely and finally to offer to Wales a Welsh territorial division, commanded by a Welsh General.

London, November 1.

The *Times* discussing the Calcutta riots and Sir Andrew Fraser's letter which it strongly commends (?) says:—True *Suadashis* is honourable and commendable but it has been deliberately perverted by the agitators into an instrument to delude the masses. It is abundantly clear that the time has come to prevent their overt encouragement of violence.

The *Times* contrasts Calcutta with Bombay which has long been the home of genuine *Suadashism* with the numberless factories and mills largely built with India capital and controlled by Indian owners and says:—While India produces practical patriots like Jamsetjee and Tata there is no need to despair of the future.

The *Times* concludes by pointing out the injury done to Indian credit by the continuance of the unrest.

A most crowded meeting was held at the Albert Hall to celebrate the centenary of the Protestant missions to China.

Sympathetic letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London were read.

Sir E. Satow wrote urging toleration. The missionaries, he said, ought to learn the teaching of the Chinese sages and teach before undertaking to replace them and to refrain from intervening between converts and Chinese magistrates. The main thing needful was more workers and more money.

London November 3.

President Roosevelt is being strongly urged to call an extra session of Congress to deal with the financial situation.

London, November 2.

The money panic in America has increased the number of unemployed. It is estimated that sixty thousand people have been rendered idle.

The *Lusitania* takes two millions of gold to New York to-day.

London, November 3.

Sir E. Gorst summoned the British official service in Egypt to a private meeting at the Agency at Cairo for the purpose of explaining the British policy in Egypt.

It is understood that he exhorted them not to rule the Egyptians but to teach them to rule themselves.

The Treaty of 1855, whereby Britain and France guaranteed the integrity of Scandinavia against Russia, was dissolved at Christiania yesterday, and a new treaty between Norway, Britain, France, Germany and Russia, guaranteeing the integrity of Norway, has been signed.

London, November 2.

A hundred-and-fifty arrests have been made at Vladivostok of soldiers, sailors and civilians. It appears that the agitators have long been working among the garrison and sailors to produce a mutiny.

The merchantmen in harbour steamed out before the firing began.

The crew of the destroyer *Sordid* also mutinied and wounded the Captain and other officers, but a loyal destroyer with the aid of a detachment of troops quelled the mutiny.

London November 3.

In view of the unprecedented rise in the price of grain, the Russian Government has convened a conference, representative of various interests, to consider measures to check the rise.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Temperance is a subject which can be brought home to peoples' hearts by an appeal to their affections. Especially strong appeals can be made through love for children. The following poems from the Temperance Cause have been handed to the Editor, they are now printed with the earnest hope that they will accomplish their work.

'They are such tiny feet;
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness and make
Them go.
More slow and sure.

'They are such new, young lives
Surely their newness shrives
Then well of many sins. They see so much
That, being immortal, they would touch,
That if they reach
We should not chide, but teach.

'God help us then to-day
To tenderly, lovingly clear the way
That they must tread,
From needless snares that heartless greed would
spread,
And dangerous lures to deadly sin,
Till they grow strong to strive and win.'

In the dusk of a summer evening
I rocked my child to rest;
Then sat and mused, with my darling
Still folded to my breast,
His ringlets swept my shoulder,
His breath was on my cheek,
And I kissed his dimpled fingers,
With a love I could not speak.

A form came through the gateway,
And up the garden walk—
And my neighbour sat down as ofter
To have an evening talk.

She saw me caress my baby
With almost reverent touch,
And she shook her gray head gravely:
'You love that boy too much!'

'That cannot be,' I answered,
'While I love our Father more;
He smiles on a mother's rapture
O'er the baby that she bore.'

For a while we both sat silent,
In the twilight's deeper gray;
Then she said, 'I believe that baby
Grows lovelier every day.

'And I suppose that the reason
I feel so drawn to him,
Is because he reminds me strangely
Of my own little baby, Jim.'

My heart stood still a moment
With a horror I dared not show
While the trembling voice beside me
Went on, in accents low;

'Just the same high, white forehead,
And rings of shining hair,
And smile of artless mischief
I have seen my Jamie wear.

'And I've sometimes thought—well, Mary,
The feeling perhaps you guess—
That my trouble would now be lighter
Had I loved my baby less.'

My neighbour rose abruptly,
And left me in the gloom,
But the sob of a broken spirit
Was echoing in the room.

And when the lamp was lighted,
I knelt by my baby's bed;
And wept o'er the noble forehead
And the ringlet-crowned head;

For I thought of the bloated visage,
And the matted hair of him
Whom all the village children
Knew only as 'Drunken Jim.'

And my heart cried out, 'O Father,
Spare me that bitter cup!
And destroy the liquor-traffic
Before my boy grows up.' — 'Temperance Cause.'

THE LIFE AND WORK OF JOHN F. SHOREY.

By ALIDA STANWOOD.

In London, on June 8, 1907, a most eventful life came to its close.

John Shorey was born in the State of Maine in 1826. He was trained in the faith by a devoted Christian mother, who committed her seven little ones to God's care and died before John had reached his thirteenth year.

His father was intemperate, and when a step-mother entered the home three years later, John went out into the world to seek for himself. He was a delicate boy, very easily led, and soon gained the reputation of being "a fast young man." In 1847 he started in business with excellent prospects, but by his reckless life and extravagant habits he lost the confidence and credit of business associates, and finally found himself bankrupt in character as well.

After a time
New York,
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Disheartened
to New Orleans
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After a brief struggle he left the old scenes and came to New York, hoping to begin again amid strangers and new surroundings, but the chain of habit held him fast and he drifted steadily downward for at least five more years. Disheartened, though still determined to try again, he went to New Orleans. Here he succeeded no better, and in the winter of 1858 he took a place as barkeeper in a large establishment in Mobile.

In 1861 Mr. Shorey had the misfortune to fall heir to a large legacy, which enabled him to plunge still deeper into the life of reckless dissipation he was living, when one day the old courage returned, and resolved to try once more. During this halt on the downward road he married a wife, purchased a farm, and was for a time apparently a prosperous man; but neither acknowledged nor honored his mother's God, who had called him by kindness and prosperity, and now chastisement was sent.

At midnight one Christmas Eve the family were aroused from deep sleep by the crackling flames, and barely escaped with their lives, while the house, barns and out-buildings were all destroyed. Crushed by his calamity, the old appetite for strong drink returned, and once more the arch enemy triumphed, as John Shorey, more reckless than ever, wasted his substance and soon became a homeless, helpless wanderer. He no longer struggled against his besetting sin, but drifted with the tide, "without God, and with no hope in the world." Meanwhile his wife secured a divorce and married again, and his family believed him past all hope of redemption.

It was a cold, stormy night on March 8, 1876, that a man about fifty years of age staggered down Fourth avenue, New York city, and paused at the corner of Twenty-sixth street. His uncertain steps had been arrested by the sound of music as the chorus of an old gospel hymn rang out its question, "What Shall the Harvest Be?" A doorkeeper invited him in, and when assured that there was "nothing to pay," he entered and dropped into the nearest seat. John Shorey was in the old Hippodrome, in the midst of a Moody and Sankey meeting.

In referring to that evening, years after, Mr. Shorey said: "My mother's spirit was leading me—I felt it. Mr. Sankey's strong, rich voice accompanied by the Holy Spirit stirred me to the very soul as I listened to the words of his song, 'Sowing the Seed to Eternal Shame,' and knew that it meant me." After Mr. Moody's sermon, which was (as usual) full of God's love and tenderness, a missionary invited the now sobered stranger to go into the inquiry room, but he refused to enter, or to believe that there was any hope in this world or the next for John Shorey—and so he went out again into the storm.

The next day he met a relative, borrowed a little money, and started for Philadelphia; but when he reached the ferry the boat had just gone. It was then late in the afternoon and he decided to wait until morning.

The Holy Spirit was meanwhile striving in his heart—"What shall the harvest be?—God so loved the world" and Mr. Moody's words, "If a poor drunkard will accept Christ the appetite for drink will be destroyed," rang in his ears—he had drunk but little that day, and somehow, though he had vowed the previous night that he would never go there again, the evening found him at the Hippodrome! After the meeting he went into the inquiry room, and John Shorey came out rejoicing in a full salvation. From March 10, 1876, "old things had passed away, and all things became new." A year later, he united with the Presbyterian Church on University Place, then under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Robert Russell Booth. Deep consecration, and an earnest desire to help his fellow-men out of the pit from which he had been raised, Mr. Shorey's every-day life, and his constant cry was, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" His plea for service was soon answered, for the next year he was installed as superintendents of the Jerry McAuley Mission on Water street, where he did a noble work, and was blessed in leading many such as he had been, out of darkness into light. His ministry there covered a little less than three years, as failing health necessitated a change. About that time a second legacy came to him, and desiring to look into mission work abroad, as well as to recuperate, he sailed for London soon after: there a new door was opened to him—he became deeply interested in the "ragged schools" under Dr. Barnardo, and later in a special class of the same children, namely, the crippled ones, whose condition and sufferings were largely the results of drunken parentage—to these he was drawn as by a magnet, and he resolved to spend the remainder of his days in brightening their sad lives. So for the past fifteen years Mr. Shorey has made London his home, only coming here on annual or semi-annual visits. During those visits he was always to be found on Wednesday evenings and Sundays in the old University Place Church, where he delighted to testify of God's wonderful goodness and saving power—"Unto the uttermost." He would then tell of the children in the distant city who were watching for his return, and say, "I must go back soon, for they miss me."

He returned to them only a few months ago, and from that large circle of suffering childhood, who had learned to love him devotedly, John Shorey was promoted into the palace of the King.

Outside the gate the Saviour died,
That the way might be free and broad
For the children of men to His wounded side
And His sacrificial blood.
His Cross like a far-seen beacon stands
In the midst of a world of sin;
And stretched out are His bleeding hands
To gather the wanderers in.



THE HYMN THAT CONQUERED

(A. P. Quirnbach, in the 'Presbyterian.')

There were four of us in the boat, the two boatmen, Cheng, and myself, and he and I occupied the tiny cabin. Our beds were made up on the floor within sight and hearing of each other. Next morning I noticed he was in very great discomfort, and in answer to my questions he admitted he was not well. We had morning devotions, and chatted much during the day.

As evening drew on he grew much worse, and I naturally became concerned at the sight of his very evident distress. I began to question him as to the amount of opium he had been in the habit of taking every day.

'Chi hoh—a few vials,' was his reply.

'But how many?' I insisted.

'Pah boh—eight vials'—he said—half an ounce or thereabout.

I was frightened. 'Eight vials!' I exclaimed. 'Why, I was told you were only taking a pill or two.'

'That was not correct,' he said. 'My friends understated the amount out of kindness to me. I was always taking as much as this.'

Then I began to realise what I was in for. Here was a heavy opium smoker, breaking off wholly from that large quantity, a shattered wreck to begin with, and now suffering terribly from the sudden stopping of the drug; and here was I, without special medical skill and without medicines, alone with a man who I felt might die before we could reach the hospital. He had some opium pills with him, I found, but the other drugs mixed with it made him so ill that after the first day he could not take them.

As the night came on he was always much worse, of course, for night is the time in which opium is usually smoked and when its victim most feels the craving. His cough and expectoration alarmed me greatly. Never had I heard such sustained and violent coughing, and at times the mucus seemed to choke him. On questioning him closely, he said there was much pain, in his limbs and at his heart. The fever consumed him.

The whole night long one could hear him groaning, though without one word of complaint or regret, and in the midst of his suffering he would appear to challenge the Almighty to rescue him from his condition. 'Lord, you must help me; Lord you must help me,' he would say; and his simple faith seemed to lay hold upon the divine arm with a grip that refused to let go. I did not sleep much myself under such conditions, of course

In the morning he was so exhausted that it seemed as if he must sink from utter weakness and stupor, and in order to arouse him, I called out 'Cheng, Cheng, let us sing something.'

With the Chinese grunt of assent, and clearing his throat with a great choking effort, he said, 'Oh, yes, let us sing.'

'What shall we sing then?' I asked as I helped him sit up.

'Teacher, there is only one hymn in the book, the one hundred and thirty-fifth:

O su rib wel taul ren,

Pah ming peh Chu en;

besides, I know it by heart, and my eyes are so dim I could not use a book.'

The beautiful hymn of the poor sufferer's eager choice is a great favorite with our congregations in China. The air is, I believe, originally Chinese, and the language, idiomatic, strong, and wonderfully concise and expressive. Many a time have I heard a Chinese congregation singing it with intense enthusiasm and delight, keeping time to the ringing melody with swaying bodies and stamping feet. A literal translation of it has been versified by a friend in Canada as follows:

I once was a sinner who cared not for God,
I feared not life's danger, I felt not sin's load;
Friends round me rejoiced in the light of this face,
I blindly despised Him, the Lord of all Grace.

But God in great mercy my darkness made light,
I saw His law's sternness and quailed at the sight;
In plans of self-succour no hope could I base,
Only Jesus could save me, my Lord of all Grace.
At the name of my Saviour, as perfume most sweet,
At once my fears vanish, my peace is complete;
Rejoicing, I feast in His banqueting place,
What return can I make Him, my Lord of all Grace?

My treasure most rich is the grace of my Lord,
Oh, how can I perish who trust in His word?
Midst life's storm and struggle, Christ's arm shall embrace;

My sun and shield ever, the Lord of all Grace.

When I cross the dark valley and yield up my breath;

Christ's name shall inspire me to triumph over death;
I shall rise, when He calls, from earth's quiet sleeping place,

And behold Him forever, my Lord of all Grace!

I believe that hymn largely helped to keep Cheng alive. Its effect upon him was wonderful. Again and again he would call for it. Every day, and generally two or three times a day, one or the other of us would

begin it, the striking melody. Our stolid boatmen would strain and sweat their ears.

How vividly I see Cheng sitting there, could not be unless he has a touching tale of him in his room over feet, garments and his hands.

His voice creased in surprise as the hymn of sinners' body is in free in the land.

The first sin, the distress him.

'I blind

Sadly he tempt he but his he would

'But God

His voice unspeakable in the depth to him and pipe, which long years lessness of there in my appetite, he

'Only J At the of fellow as he sing

'Rejoice the very man's body and freedom Christ, and

'My tre he sings this infinite he perish w con he pou

begin it, then both taking up the strain, its simple yet striking melody would echo over the waters of the river. Our stolid boatman came to recognize and join in the air, and in junks and other quaint river craft near by, men would lift their heads and listen, as the unwonted strain and words of the Christian hymn fell upon their ears.

How vividly the picture comes before me! I can see Cheng sitting up in bed—for weak as he was he could not be happy when singing to his divine Lord unless his attitude was worshipful—his head almost touching the low mat covering of the cabin. Under him in his ragged bedding, one end carelessly thrown over feet, to hide and keep them warm. His shabby garments are folded loosely over his attenuated form, and his hands brought reverently together in his lap.

His voice, at first weak and tremulous, quickly increased in strength and volume, and finally rings out in surprisingly vigorous tones of exultation and triumph, as the hymn describes the Christian course from conviction of sin to reception into glory. The poor fellow's body is indeed in the bondage of pain, but his spirit free in the love of his Lord.

The first verse stirs memories of his long life of sin, the physical consequences of which now so sadly distress him.

'I blindly despised Him, the Lord of all Grace.'

Sadly he sings these words. In what supreme contempt he had held this foreign religion. Had anyone but his friend Koh! first spoken to him of Jesus, how he would have turned upon and reviled him!

'But God in great mercy my darkness made light.'

His voice breaks as if under the thought of the unspeakable goodness that had sought him out even in the depths of an opium den. The light had come to him amidst clouds of opium smoke over the sooting pipe, which, alas, had kept him a helpless slave all these long years between. The law's sternness, the hopelessness of self succour, full well he realizes it; and there in my boat, fast in the toils of disease and opium appetite, he sings, as with a faith that will not let go,

'Only Jesus could save me, the Lord of all Grace.'

At the third verse, which expresses the sweetness of fellowship with a living, loving, personal Saviour, as he sings the line—

'Rejoicing, I feast in his banqueting place.'

the very light of God shines on the haggard face, and man's body sways with emotion. If he lives, it is Christ and freedom from opium, if he dies, it is to be with Christ, and far better than earth's best.

'My treasure most rich is the grace of my Lord,' he sings. Earth's treasures have long failed him, yet this infinitely surpasses all he once possessed. How can he perish with such a divine Friend? With utter abandon he pours out his soul in the lines:

'Midst life's storm and struggle,
Christ's arm shall embrace
My sun and shield ever,
The Lord of all Grace.'

At this point he no longer looks the helpless heap I lifted into a sitting posture a few moments before. The joy-filled soul is now supreme over the pain-racked body.

In solemn but quietly assured tones, he sings of crossing the dark valley. In the very moment of death the sound of Christ's name shall revive his soul and give him triumph. His body shall but sleep quietly in the grave till the resurrection morning. The highest heaven, the abode of Jesus, is to be his home. With ecstatic delight he sings the final line of the hymn:

'And behold Him forever, my Lord of all Grace.'

Over and over he sings it, as though loth to descend from the height of his soul's rapture to the misery in which his body is bound. To be in the presence of Christ, his 'Grace-Lord,' through the eternities, sinless, painless, glorified with him—the earnest of that inheritance is already in his heart. Present weakness and distress are lost in the fullness of the beatific vision, and turning to me, exclaimed in tones full of holy joy, 'Oh teacher, there is not a pain or an ache left.'

This was the beginning of Cheng's deliverance.

The Island of Laysan, six hundred miles west-north-west of the Hawaiian group, is said to have completely disappeared. A schooner's captain reports at Honolulu that he has been unable to find it after a twelve days' search. Its inhabitants were one white man and his family and a number of Japanese labor.

"INTO THY HANDS."

Into thy guiding hands;

Along a way thy love and care forefend

Gladly I fate, or rough or smooth may bend

Thy longest road that leads at life's far end,

Into thy hands.

Into thy chastening hands;

If e'er I yield to weakness or to sin,

Blind to the guardon, thou dost bid me win,

Bring thou me back by Love's sweet discipline,

Into thy hands.

Into thy healing hands;

No hurt of soul or body long enthralls

The bruised heart that for thy succour calls,

When far from doubting as from fear it falls

Into thy hands.

Into thy saving hands;

Despite assail, infirmity, mistake,

My life a perfect whole thy power can make,

If thou my shards of broken purpose take

Into thy hands.

Into thy keeping hands;

As safe as heaven kept the guarded Grail,

So safe, so pure, so compassed as with mail,

The soul committed e'en through Death's dark vale

Into thy hands.



Into thy loving hands;
Who made my heart to love made thee my quest;
Who made the world to tire made thee my rest;
My joyful heart I give at thy behest,
Into thy hand.

Louise Manuing Hodgkins.

It is a strong reinforcement to a minister if he have in his congregation even a single saint and have an understanding with him. The consciousness of such a presence is an inspiration and an elevation. And there is not only sympathy but telepathy between souls. Moody-Stuart tells how one Sabbath morning, as he was leading the devotions of his congregation, he has visited by a succession of alien yet familiar thoughts. "These," he said to himself, "are not my own thoughts. They are Dr. John Duncan's. He must be here; yet he cannot be here, for he is in Hungary." He bent over the pulpit as soon as he had finished the prayer and saw his friend sitting in the session seat. He had returned home unexpectedly, and entered the church late.

Our love for Christ is proportionate to our sense of the debt we owe Him, and the saint's debt exceeds the sinner's. It is much to have been lifted out of the mire, but infinitely more to have been kept from falling into it. "Louis Vives," says old Isaac D'Israeli, "tells us of a person who passed safely over a plank that lay across a great flood of water in the dark, the next day, when he perceived the danger in which he had been, he fell dead at the sight of the peril he had escaped." We know what Christ has saved us out of, but not what He has preserved us from; and never till, looking from Heaven's battlements over the way we have travelled, we descry its hidden snares and pitfalls, shall we realise how much we owe to the Hand that guided and the Heart that planned.

A FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY REV. A. S. LEONARD.

All-gracious Father, hear this prayer

With earnest hearts we make,

For those intrusted to our care;

Oh, hear, for Jesus' sake,

Grant us the light to guide aright,

As they in years increase,

Their steps in Love and Truth and Right,

And all the ways of Peace.

Oh, save and keep them in thy grace,

From sin's destructive power;

Be thou their strength and hiding-place,

When storms of trouble lower.

Choose thou their path and help them see

Thy will is always best;

That yoked with Christ in service free

They'll find the sweetest rest

And when their days on earth are o'er,

Oh, bear them safe above;

And we will praise thee evermore

For all thy wondrous love

There can be no true prayer unless there be in the soul a well-spring fed by the rain and dew of heaven. True prayer is the overflow of a gracious heart, shedding abroad kindness and benediction, and rising up in gratitude and desire. Keep the inner fountain clean and full: that is the grand and infallible secret. We are prayerful just to much as we are near to Jesus. It is always helpful to remind ourselves what manner of business it is that we are engaged in when we pray. It is an approach to the glorious God and Father. It is He whom we are addressing, and the consciousness of this puts reverence and godly fear into our hearts. And it puts seemly language on our lips. I often wonder as I listen to the prayers of plain men. Their conversation is uncouth and ungrammatical, but, when they pray, their diction is faultless.

Sir Claude Champion De Crespigny is one of the most remarkable men in the world. Descended from a family which was a power in Normandy before the Conquest, he seems to re-embody at the fighting and sporting qualities of his forebears. Nothing comes amiss to him. He has been balloonist, war correspondent, steeple-chaser, boxer, swimmer, fencer, soldier, sailor, wrestler, big-game hunter—all in turn.

MY PICTURE.

(Meribah Abbott, in the 'Outlook,' New York.)

Some one gave me a picture—

A little glimpse of the sea,

Cliff and surf and a gull's wing,—

I smell the salt and I feel the twing:

How it comes back to me!

Rhythm of wave, and gleam of sand,

And a white sail rounding the point of land.

Some one gave me a picture—

A bit of a country lane,

Tangle of flower and fern and vines

Under the shade of the purple pines:

Oh, to be there again!

There, where the ground-thrush hides her nest,

And the wild red strawberries ripen best.

So, pain-bound and helpless,

I lie and dream all day;

God is good, and the world is wide,

Sun and sea and the dancing tide,

And a fair ship in the bay!

These are mine, and the skies of June

Sing, my heart, to the thrush's tune!

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